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THE FLIGHT OF THAW.

The spectacular flight from the Mat-tewan Asylum of Harry Thaw is something more than the startling climax to a remarkable story of adventure. It is a shining example of the possibilities to which our lack of interstate law may lead.

Under existing statutes, there is no way by which Thaw can be returned to New York from the State to which he has fled, unless he is arrested in his new habitat and convicted of lunacy. In such circumstances he would not properly be a charge on the State in which he might be declared insane for the second time, and might be returned, though New York would not be compelled to take him. As a matter of course, however, he would be received. But as long as he is regarded as sane in the State to which he has gone, there is no Federal statute by which he may be returned.

The dangers of this will be obvious to one who recalls that the laws of many States now provide for the permanent custody in an institution of insane criminals who, if sane, would be sent to death. In this sense, the lunatic is at law a criminal, and as such might be regarded as a fugitive from justice, and returned by extradition. But this is a new view, which has not found acceptance at law.

There are, of course, peculiar cases where our failure to enact laws for the return of the insane is the means of saving a man from injustice; but there are many more cases where the present lack of legislation may give freedom to men who do not deserve it. The need of interstate comity and Federal statute is, therefore, manifest beyond question.

We American people, of the older Commonwealths at least, are firm believers in the rights of the States, and we are convinced that upon the maintenance of these rights the safety of the country depends. At the same time, in our zeal to protect the interest of a single State, we may do injustice to the interests of all the States. Here, as in all lawmaking, the need of some common-sense re-adjustment between the theory of State rights and the welfare of the nation is daily more apparent.

WHAT WILL NEWLANDS DO?

It would be strange indeed if the Senate Democratic majority on the tariff bill should be turned into a minority by Senator Newlands, of Nevada, yet, from yesterday's intelligence from Washington, there appears strong probability that such may be the case. The situation with reference to the tariff bill, because of the fact that he comes up for re-election next year, and has been notified that if he votes for free raw wool and free sugar he will not be sent back to the Senate. He is against the bill on principle, and fought it in caucus. Because of the death of Senator Johnston and the illness of Senator Culberson, Senator Newlands holds the balance of power, and can probably say by his vote whether or not the bill shall pass.

If he votes against the bill, he will have company within his own party in the Senate from Louisiana, and, of course, in the minority party. His course indicates the passing of the old political ideal that Representatives and Senators represent, not their individual constituents, but the whole country as well. Naturally, most public legislative servants, ever mindful of re-election, do not take such high ground, but there have been notable exceptions. Such a one was that of L. Q. C. Lamar, Senator from Mississippi, who, in 1878, was commanded by the Legislature of that State to change his position on the debasement and undue inflation of the currency. He refused, but when he sought vindication at the hands of the people of Mississippi he was overwhelmingly returned. In 1882, William Campbell Preston, a Virginian born, resigned as United States Senator from South Carolina because he refused to adopt the views of his constituency. Such cases have been rare, however, and are not likely to become more common under the present theories of popular rule.

That our old friend, Jim Thorpe, is still in the running is attested by the fact that he scored a run for New York Saturday. Jim has been to bat four times and has made one hit during the season, which hit has cost John McGraw some hundred simoleons.

We are willing to take rain when it comes, and thank you, too, but if it were to fall some afternoon while Petersburg is playing at home and the Colts are winning here, it would be doubly acceptable.

BUILDING UP—NOT DOWN.

A discerning critic of public men and measures, returning from Washington, was asked recently to express his opinion of the man who is guiding from the White House the affairs of the nation. His answer was simple: "Woodrow Wilson builds up, not down, and that's the reason he has the confidence of the people."

Here is food for thought. When Wilson came to the presidency he had models of every fashion after which to design his service. He might follow the example of that noble old Roman, Grover Cleveland, and administer with a strong hand the executive affairs of the government, while leaving to Congress and the courts all not immediately under his charge. Or he might follow the lead of Taft and be precisely what his party leaders in Congress told him he should be. Or he might, if he chose, have remembered Theodore the Vociferous, and have made his administration one of condemnation.

He followed none of the three. He has kept before him the highest ideal of duty, and he has made his every end constructive. When he has been forced to point out an evil, he has been ready with a remedy, and when he has felt it his duty to criticize, he has been successful. He is succeeding accordingly.

Every man in public life and every organ of public opinion should learn a lesson from this example of upbuilding. It is, of course, far easier to criticize than to correct, and it is often much more inviting. One knows that a certain element of the public delights in the condemnation of things as they are, and one is sometimes tempted to criticize for the effect it has upon the enemies of those who are attacked. Constructively to criticize is a different matter. It requires thought, patience and self-restraint. It brings less glamour and less of that tawdry fame which borders on notoriety. It demands reason and judgment and good temper; it forbids hasty utterance and general indictment. It is, in short, a task for men.

But how much more lasting are its results! Every great movement in our history has been the fruit of constructive endeavor; every disaster the outcome of destructive criticism. Helpful advice and honest consideration encourage vigorous effort, reward faithful public servants, overcome prejudice and outwield bigotry. They, and they alone, have a place in an age when men of many minds are striving to reconcile their differences for the common weal.

Besides all this, it is in the end far more pleasant to help than to condemn. Some, to be sure, have that grim delight in controversy which made the old painter, William Hogarth, declare that his memorable war with Wilkes and Churchill had restored his youth. But the average man never condemns unjustly but that he lives to regret it, and never fails to reap in bitterness of spirit all that he has sown in galling words.

Of course, constructive criticism cannot be had with the simple wishing. All of us must err, and all of us must regret; yet we can only rise on the ruins of our failure, and we can only do better things because we have done worse. Those of us who work together for The Times-Dispatch have striven to be constructive, and with the splendid example of our President before us, we want to pledge again those whom we serve that the effort of this paper will be to upbuild rather than to destroy, to help rather than to hinder.

THE MARVEL AT BOY AIR.

People who read of the recent troubles at the Virginia Home and Industrial School for Girls will probably conclude that the inmates are about as tough as they make them; and the average man in the streets will wonder how discipline is ever maintained there.

The answer is the real marvel in the history of this reformatory for girls. As long as the matron is left alone with her girls and is protected from intruders, she has little trouble of any sort. Indeed, as she testified at the hearing, she would be perfectly willing to assume charge of one hundred girls and would be responsible for their good conduct if she could be saved from the visits of other people.

The marvel grows when one contrasts with the riotous scenes of recent days at the home the normal good order. Instead of a mutinous, swearing mob, the girls are an orderly, well-behaved and well-mannered school. If a stranger meets one of the girls, she will very promptly turn her back or else will retire at once; and if guests come upon invitation of the matron, the girls fairly outdo themselves in song and recitation.

What accounts for the contrast? Again the answer is the remarkable matron, "Mother" Light. The girls respect her and look up to her as wayward children to a kindly mother. They never oppose her, never fail to obey her orders and really seem under the spell of some strange spiritual power. Take her as you will, Mrs. Light is one woman in a thousand, and the only thing she needs to make her work a shining success is to be let alone to discipline and to admonish.

We trust the publicity which has been given the home will cause with the report of the Board of Charities. We trust, too, that people will remember that these little girls are as they are, not because they are any worse than the rest of an erring world, but because they are the unfortunate victims of bad heredity or improper environment. "The fathers have eaten good grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," and may a generous people deal mercifully with them.

A tray of Alabama beauties, visiting Baltimore, remarked that it was "just like home." Is this a boost for Baltimore or a knock for Alabama?

THE BEST SERVICE TO THE FARM.

The praise being given our new educational ventures is fully merited and justly deserved, and we should have nothing to say against it did not, for some strange reason, fall to include the very best work that is being done in our schools.

This is not the training in agriculture or in the manual arts; it is the work of the girls' canning and garden clubs—work that means more to the future of Virginia than its simple name would indicate.

The deepest curse on the happiness of the average poor family in the country is the cooking they have to endure. This seems remarkable in a State with such traditions of good food, but it is, nevertheless, true. The laborer makes enough for the support of his family in the country, and the small farmer should fare sumptuously every day. Instead, for the reason that his wife does not know how to cook, he sits down three times a day to a meal that ruins his digestion and saps his strength. Hot meat biscuit soaked with grease, fat meat burned to death or else half raw, badly cooked vegetables and poorly canned fruits are the diet of many thousand of our small farmers.

The girls' canning and cooking clubs aim to end this. They teach the girls how to cook, how to husband their resources and how profitably to utilize much that now goes to waste. The teachers explain to the girls how the perches, tomatoes and berries, which are now being thrown away, or else so poorly canned that they cannot be eaten, may be saved for the winter months. They show them something of food values and preach the heresy of too much fried cooking.

If civilization is gauged by the skill of a nation's cooks, some of us are barbarians, but we may hope for progress with the spread of this splendid work.

"DRAGGING MY WIFE INTO IT."

As Democrats, we have hoped that the impeachment proceedings against Sulzer would develop something that would let us at least love him for the enemies he has made. With Tammany arrayed against him, we have waited to see if he might not give us some cause to side against his enemies if not with him.

But it seems that this unfortunate executive is bound to say the wrong thing, and is determined to keep from his side those who would like to express their opinion of Tammany. As chance after chance has come, he has put them by with the apparent purpose of fighting his battle alone against those who have been ashamed to consort with his opponents.

One of his latest utterances is calculated to add to the ranks of his enemies. He could stand it all, he avers, but for the fact that his foes have insisted on dragging his wife into the proceedings.

That about caps the climax. Who brought poor Mrs. Sulzer into his disgraceful affair and who permitted her to make a confession that had broken her nerves and sent her to a very ill woman? Did Sulzer's enemies do this? If they had, we might shut our eyes to the charges against the Governor and extend him at least some measure of sympathy in his trouble. But as it is, one feels that Sulzer is trying to hide behind his wife, for every one knows that it was from the "People's House" that the alleged confession of Mrs. Sulzer came. Every one supposes that the Governor is master of his own household and could or should have kept her from speaking. As it is, a people who respect womanhood will censure Sulzer for ever allowing her to shoulder the blame and will resent his charge that others brought distress to his wife by encouraging her to speculate. He is a very poor husband who will uncover to the world any mistake of his wife—even if she really makes it.

The Houston Post boasts that last Wednesday only five people were shot in that unknown village. The paper properly declines to state how many thousand stay half-shot there at all times, to cover their regret at not being able to move to Virginia.

Secretary Daniels's proposition to devote the annual surplus to the Navy would be all right but for the fact that the Navy sees to it that there is no surplus.

Tampa boasts that it made 300,000,000 cigars last year, but we should hate to hold the city responsible for the 1,000,000,000 smudges that pass by its name.

Jacksonville, Fla., boasts of a "cinder row," but to save us we don't know whether it means a street or a railroad fracas.

New York papers recount the action of a customs inspector in demanding duty on the recaptured Davis tennis cup, doubtless because the winners should be entitled to all the privileges of privately hooking it to pay their bills at New York hotels.

Those who have hoped for a speedy ending of the Sulzer case should not be too optimistic, for Thomas W. Lawson has announced that he wishes to say a few things in Sulzer's behalf. Continued in our issue of November, 1914.

We hope hospitable Richmond did not deny visiting merchants their fill of Hanover watermelons, but we warn these gentlemen that the available supply of these treasures is limited, and that the only outsider sure of all he needs is the man who buys them in Richmond.

It might not be a bad idea for the Mexican Congress to emulate the New York Legislature and Sulzerize Huerta.

If Sulzer is innocent there is consolation in the thought that when the trial comes, tiger skin cannot be made to look like ermine.

Bacon is retailing for 25 cents in the market, but there is the sweet revelation that a pound of Virginia middling is worth a side of Western meat.

Mrs. Late Bud has cut going to church, has sermoned, disturb her baby. A fellow with a wife don't have to go to a palmito.

On the Spur of the Moment
By Roy K. Moulton

Bank.
"I got an idea," said Farmer Brown, "There's too much buncombe floatin' aroun'." You can go here and you can't go there. And you can't go travelin' anywhere But what some feller is on your trail With a sure investment that cannot fail. He tells you how you kin git rich quick. And his method, it sounds purty dog-gone slick. He tells you how to make dollars grow. Until you will jes' be rollin' in dough. He'll sell you mine stock for a song That's going to double before very long. And he puts up such a winning spiel, You feel yourself ownin' an oatmeal pile. A place in the country and one in town. And a private yacht fer a dollar down. Or eleventy invention he has got That's goin' to clean up a powerful lot. Of coin inside a year or two. It is a bonanza through and through. Be wise, my son, and refuse to hear And turn to the slickers your plaster ear. For if his scheme meant so durned much, he'd be a feller worth a hunderd. This feller would be runnin' it him-self. Hang onto your dough fer a rainy day. And make your money in the good old way. Save up your dollars as wise folks do. And the poorhouse never will yawn for you."

Don'ts for Hot Weather.
Don't wear breeched-lined underwear. Don't eat more than twenty-four buckwheat cakes at a sitting in our town. Don't split wood for your wife. Don't wear furs or carry a muff. Don't wear arctics or a bearskin coat. Don't hang around cook stove all day. Don't do any sort of work.

The Diary of a Housewife.
The temperature registered 102 last evening when my wife suggested that it would be a good time to go over and call on Mr. and Mrs. Jones. I couldn't see why the time was better than any other, but just the same, we went. On the way over we stopped and picked up Mr. and Mrs. Blinks, who also owed the Jones family a duty call. Last winter they invited all of us to a card party, so we owed them a call. They invited us into the parlor, where the gas lights were going full tilt trying to pile up dividends for the owners of gas stock in our town. The lights raised the temperature to 115 in the shade, and there was no shade to speak of. We had been seated something less than a minute when the inevitable happened. They trotted out Amaryllis, their youngest daughter, who is a shark on elocution. This was at 8 o'clock.

Amaryllis started in with "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night," and, being loudly applauded by her parents, she followed with "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere."

At 9:30, Amaryllis pulled the first few stanzas of "Hawatha," and being a champion long-distance elocutionist, she finished it by 10 o'clock. Blinks had pulled down to his shirt in spite of the angry glances of his wife, which somehow he failed to see, and I had my collar off and my shoes under the davenport.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones assured us that Amaryllis could go on for an hour longer, and Amaryllis did, without any coaxing, proceed right through until midnight. Then the clock struck 12 and she was in the middle of the "Ancient Mariner," and making unprecedented time. Blinks had been out for a half hour and hung over his chair like a damp dirndl.

We left suddenly before the "Ancient Mariner" had completed his journey, but could not get away only by promising to return next week and hear Pops' "Raid on Barbary Frigate." We were all so weak that we had to go home in a taxi.

Before cultivating friends find out if they are as infant prodigies in the family who has an inclination toward reciting poetry.

Give Virginia Democrats a Real Declination of Principles

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir.—In Virginia we have a formidable national Democratic party, but have we in so far as matters pertain to the State's government, a Democratic party? If so, for what does it as a party stand on present State issues and questions? If it stands for anything definite as a party on State issues, and policies that are not already enacted into law, when and how was it, as a party, committed to any position on any question, and especially upon the all-important pending questions of tax reform, the abolition or retention of the present officers' fee system, the

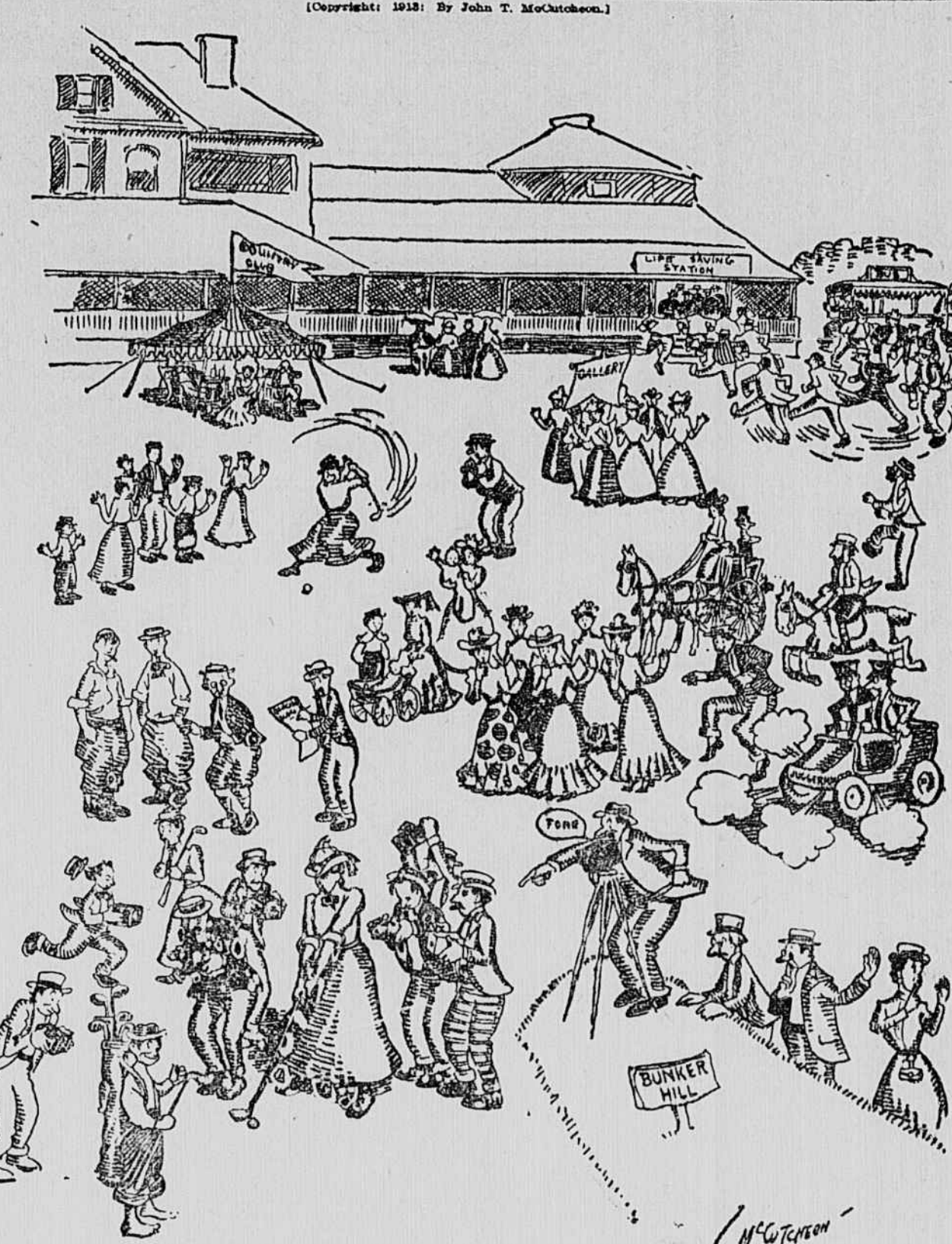
FLIES!
Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies. It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, creosote water or dry lye by mixing thoroughly. Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out. Let 1913 be a flyless year.

Abe Martin



AT A WOMAN'S GOLF TOURNAMENT.

By John T. McCutcheon.



Voices of the People

Liquor question, or any other public question which may or will come before the next Legislature of this State? On these questions we have honestly entertained divergent views by individuals, each of whom says, claims and knows he is a Democrat. For instance, on the liquor question, one Democrat will say he is in favor of "total abstinence," while another, with the same lights before him, will say he is in favor of the "enabling act"; or, for instance, on the question of the officers' fee system, one Democrat will say he is for salaries outright for all or most all officers; another for fees to be paid to the officer up to a certain amount, and after that maximum has been reached, the residue of all fees to be turned into the treasury of the State, and still another will say he is for the retention of the fee system, without any interference. And it may be said that each of these several views on said question can be presented and argued with a good show of reason.

But, either or any view that may be presented upon said questions, or any other of public importance in the State, are they not individual, not party, views? Most assuredly they are mere individual views, because there has been no collective pronouncement of the individuals composing the Democratic party upon these or upon any other question pertaining to the State's government for a long while.

It seems to me that the Democratic party's position on State questions is more or less uncertain and even chaotic, and being so, in this State, if things go on as they are going, is there a remedy to prevent such hurt? I think so, and that is a convention of Democrats annually or biennially, called for the purpose of making and putting forth a platform of the party. Then the people will know when they go to vote that they vote for a principle and not for a name merely.

Suppose Wilson and Marshall had been nominated without a declaration of principles of the party, would they have been elected? Surely not. But suppose they had been elected under such circumstances, with the same Congress and Senate, what would have been the attitude of the self-styled Democrats on the present pending bill for tariff reform? Would they have taken one view and some another, and we now would have been certain that nothing was going to be done towards reforming the tariff. So, I fear, it will be this winter with our Legislature to be elected this fall—nothing will be done. The individual members of a Democratic Legislature will fight each other like cats. E. W. PENNINGTON, Pennington Gap, Va.

A Broad View of Professor Jordan's Ideas.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir.—May I ask space for the following few thoughts upon a subject which I feel is of interest to the citizens of the State at large? Having read the article by Professor Jordan, of the University, published in the Atlantic Monthly, on "The Solution of the Negro Problem," I feel more than a passing interest in the article, by certain editors, of statements or conclusions which appeared in Professor Jordan's paper. In discussing the negro problem, Professor Jordan expressed views and opinions because of which, in the opinion of the editors mentioned, he should be asked to resign. Do not such methods belong to the seventeenth century rather than the twentieth century?

Professor Jordan, as a white man and a citizen of Virginia, does not believe in the intermarriage of the races. Professor Jordan, as a scientist, in view of present facts, and looking down the ages, may see, from his line of reasoning, that such will be the final outcome. If his reasoning is

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Mr. Rockefeller.
Please give me the address of John D. Rockefeller, M.R.S. J. D. Rockefeller, New York City would be quite sufficient address for Mr. Rockefeller.

Classic and Classical.
I am never able to discriminate clearly between such adjectives as "classic" and "classical." Will you make the distinction for me?
H. P. FOSTER.

The adjective ending in "ic" is the primary and applies to nouns which have in themselves the essential suggested by the root of the adjective. Thus "heroic deed" is an action marked by the qualities which, as in the case of a hero, are essential to the quality in itself. A "classic poem" contains qualities which elevate it to the rank of the classics. An "electric cloud" is one charged with electricity. The adjective ending in "ical" is the secondary and applies to nouns not having in themselves the essential suggested by the root of the adjective, but holding for the occasion the more remote relation indicated. A "classical dictionary" is one which discusses classic subjects, and it may have none of the qualities which, as in the case of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, would make it a classic itself. "An electrical engineer" is not charged with electricity, however much he may charge other people for it. He is related to the subject, but a degree less closely than if the primary adjective could be applied to his name.

Political.
Please tell me how I may find what was the majority in Senate and House of Representatives at any time.
W. W. FOX.

We assume that you mean the voting strength of the parties, though your meaning is not clear. In any event, you would be able to get from the clerk of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., all obtainable information in the direction indicated.

College Charters.
Where may I get information about chartering a college in Virginia?
H. L. Q.

From the State Corporation Commission, Richmond, Va.

Wild Pigeons.
John what country do wild pigeons belong to?
In a wild country. This is the answer to that part of your query which touches the matter of the disappearance of the bird from Virginia. Seventy years ago they were here in countless swarms—enough to make the dead leaves blow as the army of birds hurried through the forest in their search for mast and to break off great limbs of trees with the weight of their roosting thousands. But years ago one ceased to find them except in small numbers, and now it is rare that one is seen in a season. It is likely that some survive in the low, scrubby parts of the South, but the wild pigeon is pretty near extinction.

Board of Trade.
Would a growing town of 350 people be too small for a board of trade or commercial club or chamber of commerce? Which would serve best?
TOWNSMAN.

Not at all. One could be made to serve as well as the others. If you have the proper men, it will be possible to make a most helpful organization, and the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Richmond, Va., will be able to give you excellent suggestions on organization.

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Bridgeport, Conn., August 12.